

CONTENTS

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VOLUME 44 ISSUE 08

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				MM

05 TIFFANY

14 ROUGH GUIDE TO SPORT

16 DESTINY

24 OFF YOUR HEDONIST

26 KIT BAG

27 DANI

34 MIA

42 SCRUFF JUSTICE

43 TOMMIE JO

53 BEKKA

60 THE GLOBE THEATRE

61 TALKIN' BLUE

74 PEACHES

91 ASHLYNN

EDITORIAL

he Club office was buzzing this morning as next season's Premier League fixtures were announced. Well, except for the editor who was baffled. After all, who gives a fuck? Every team plays every other team twice. There you go. End of discussion. The only things we want to know in advance are what girls we can match with other girls. Can we arrange that dream fixture of Mia Malkova and Dani Maye? Can we get Jenny Laird to do dirty things with Sasha? Will Tommie-Jo 'play' with us and our dangly bits? Can we dribble in Ashlynn's box? And so forth...

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, KT12 3PU or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50



SHAVING RYAN'S PRIVATES!

Hello People.

I give praise to Ryan. As well as being a girl of my dreams I wanted to say I love the fact she does not completely shave all her pubic hair off. What grade is it? I would like to volunteer to trim it for her, it would feel great on my face. Ryan always looks good and has a perfect body as well. I know some of the other girls do as well – like Dani – but

Ryan's pussy is perfect. Thank you Ryan, keep up the good work.

James, Woodbridge

We reckon being Ryan's personal bush barber would be pretty much the best job you could have. In fact, don't call it a job, we'll volunteer! Dear Club.

Thank goodness the weather's getting warmer – it means I can indulge my passion for fucking outdoors. It's not something I get to do all that often, but put it this way – if I get half a chance, I'm on the case!

I 'collect' outdoor sex venues. Public parks are top shag-sites, though I've also done it in bus shelters (we had to be quick), public toilets (talk about relieving yourself), and a car park (don't ask!). But last week was the first time I've ever done it in a graveyard.

I was saying to goodbye to my mates after a night in the pub when I caught the eye of this bloke I'd been eyeing up all night. He clearly couldn't get away from his friends fast enough, and that wicked old feeling came over me: I'd made a tacit agreement to fuck a stranger. Bingo!

I walked deliberately slowly in a roundabout route that'd take me through a nearby cemetery. As I got within sight of the church steeple, the crowds of drinkers were thinning out. One sneaky glance back confirmed what I already knew – this guy was catching up with me.

Entering the shadows of the churchyard, I stopped to waste a few seconds lighting a cigarette I didn't really want, but my lighter wouldn't work. Out of fuel. What a terrible shame.

"Need a light?" It was him, flourishing his lighter.

"Mmmn. Ta," I replied, leaning towards the flame. "So glad you came along to satisfy my craving." And I made a point of throwing my newly-lit ciggie to the ground. I was dead chuffed with myself for that little touch!

"Perhaps you've got something else I can suck on," I said, moving closer. I must've been more pissed than I'd thought, but I wasn't sorry as the guy unzipped his fly and whacked out his whanger, which was stiffening in rapid jerks.

I dropped to my knees to put my mouth around his meat, and slurped away for a few minutes to really get him going. He grew to full hardness in my mouth in seconds, and he was big enough to be difficult to deepthroat – I managed it though! But this was only meant to be a preliminary, and soon I stood up, hitched up my mini-dress, pulled down my knickers and threw them aside.

I lay on my back on a stone slab – someone's tomb – pulling my knicker gusset to one side, as the guy lowered himself onto



GLOBE TROTTER!

Dear Club,

One of my favourite things in *Club* is Globe Theatre. Whenever I see a bit of celeb nudity on TV I wish we didn't have DVD's, but a VHS player so I could record it. So it's good to see those pictures grabbed for me to revisit. Any chance of a Globe Theatre special – I like all the new stars, but would love to see some classics like Helen Mirren as well. *Russell, South Shields*

It helps that actresses seem less shy these days – we're drowning in nude appearances in Game of Thrones, Masters of Sex, Banshee and the like. Like you, we're a fan of the classics too though, so maybe we'll consider a bit of a trip down memory lane in a future issue.

me. I guided his hot, thick tool between my swollen fanny lips and he began pounding fast. He was already in top gear, which was fine with me – I was just in the mood for a really quick, dirty screw. That's how it goes when you shag outdoors – everything's concentrated into a few brief, snatched moments – no dicking around. Result!

I raised my legs up into the air so my guy could sink his meat really deep into me. He pumped hard and fast as I bucked my hips to meet his thrusts, and we both came within a minute. It was fantastic – I thought his spunk would never stop spurting!

Afterwards we kissed and went our separate ways. I decided to leave my knickers where they were, to mark the occasion I suppose, and walked the rest of the way home with spunk dripping down my legs. Good job it was so dark! Shelley, Brighton.















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Club's TO IIII



World Aquatics Championships

Kazan, Russia—24th July to 9th Augusti

t's the question that's not really on everyone's lips: what's been happening in the world of Great Britain's swimming and diving teams? Well with preparations very much under way for the biggest aquatics championships outside of the Olympics, the answer is 'quite a lot actually'.

Lovely little Tom Daley, for example, has been busy gathering plaudits from the 10 metre platform, scoring a stunning gold medal performance in the London leg of the 'World Series of Diving' shebang with his new signature 'Firework' plunge, and taking a respectable bronze in the Canadian meet back in May. Naturally, Daley's sights are set on a podium spot in the Russian city of Kazan, but in a discipline where just the slightest error can mean the difference between success and abject failure, the smiley Plymouthborn plummeter's main threats include loss of concentration, a rogue veruca plaster on the

This month, Matt Loxham takes to the pool, but for once it's not to urinate in the deep end...

diving platform, and, of course, the supremely talented Chinese duo Yue Lin and Jian Yang, who took silver and gold respectively in Canada.

Although the media spotlight will inevitably be focused squarely on Daley and his chiselled physique, GB's best chance of a gold medal in the diving element of these championships is probably Jack Laugher in the 3 metre springboard. Considered by those in the know as currently by far the finest in the world at this discipline, the talented 20 yearold is hotly-tipped to triumph. The only question mark against the laughing boy's name is a disappointing performance at the aforementioned London World Series event, where he surprised everyone by belly-flopping to eighth behind Russian hopeful Evgeny Kusnetsov.

Over in the women's competition, Tonia Couch has been improving steadily across the season from the 10 metre



platform and recently paired up with Sarah Barrow to take silver in Canada in the synchronised event. Like Daley, both are from Plymouth, which incidentally appears to be something of a diving hotbed.

Optimism is understandably high throughout the British team for these championships, if anything even more so in the swimming events. Names to watch include Adam Peaty in the 100 metre breaststroke, Jazz Carlin in the 400 metre freestyle and double world champion Liam Tancock in the 50 metre backstroke. And if any of them are reading, I apologise for relegating you to a footnote.

PDC World Matchplay Darts

Empress Ballroom, Blackpool = 18th to 26th July

n many ways the seaside town of Blackpool and its World Matchplay tournament has been at the epicentre of the incredible darts renaissance. Around twenty years ago the game was famously on its arse, so much so that a number of pissed off highprofile players split from the pack to form the rival PDC circuit. They established an ambitious event at the cavernous Empress Ballroom, with the then suitably unglamorous Proton Cars stumping up early sponsorship.

Slowly but steadily, however, the World Matchplay grew in stature. Small but passionate and enthusiastic crowds gradually became crammed houses full of darts nuts and 'sold out' signs were the norm by the seaside. Players used to shuffling on to the oche apologetically with a pint began walking in like



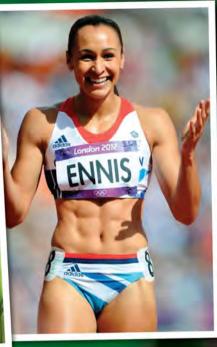
boxers to loud music flanked by bouncers and models.

Nowadays, of course, the PDC effortlessly packs even bigger venues such as the Alexandra Palace and the 02 Arena in London, but much of this success was spawned in Blackpool, where in the early days you could wander in off the promenade and watch the likes of Phil 'The Power' Taylor, Eric Bristow and the late, great Jocky Wilson up close for just a couple of quid.

Forward to the present and the big story of this year's Empress Ballroom bash is likely to be about two players, the







aforementioned Phil Taylor and the younger man expected to succeed him, Holland's Michael Van Gerwen. Taylor has won this tournament an awesome 15 times, and for the last seven years consecutively. Van Gerwen, however, has toppled Taylor from the top-spot of the PDC Order of Merit, prompting suggestions that the talented Dutchman is ready to take over once and for all from a fading legend. One thing's for sure, Taylor will not give up his incredible record at Blackpool, or anywhere for that matter, without a fight.

Although this pair will attract much of the media attention going into the competition, this is far from a two-horse race. Scotland's Gary Anderson is the reigning World Champion, having defeated both Van Gerwen and Taylor on the way to victory at the Ally Pally in January. Anderson





also beat Van Gerwen in this year's final of the Premier League darts campaign, running out an impressive 11-7 winner in front of a huge crowd at the 02 Arena.

Morecambe's Dave 'Chizzy'
Chisnall, who reached the
semi-finals of the Premier
League event before bowing
out to Anderson, is enjoying
something of a return to form
at present, along with another
Blackpool hopeful, Peter Wright,
with both men in good nick and
scoring victories at the Players
Championship weekend.

Everything is in place for another thrilling World Matchplay featuring top-class arrows, raucous (pissed) fans, and the usual PDC bombast. Add the subplot of the young pretender versus the oche legend and it's no wonder why this game has become so popular. The 'sold

out' signs will be out once again...

Diamond League Athletics

London & Stockholm = 24% 25% & 30% July

nother sport building towards one of its major events this year is athletics, with all training schedules primed for an August peak when its World Championships take place in Beijing. This is the biggest

one unforgettable evening.

After dabbling with the marathon distance last season, Farah is back on the track racing primarily over 5000 and 10000 metres. Preparations to date have been something of a mixed bag, having being edged out by Ethiopia's Hagos Gebrhiwet over 3000 metres in Doha earlier in the season, but Farah is likely to be much more mo-tivated in London. Ennis-Hill returns to the heptathlon after giving birth to son Reggie last year, although with her sights set on getting fit for Rio 2016, Team GB's main

Everything is in place for another thrilling World Matchplay featuring top-class arrows, raucous (pissed) fans and PDC bombast"

meeting since the London Olympics, and international luminaries of the sport including Kirani James, David Rudisha, Alyson Felix, Shelly-Ann Fraser-Pryce and, of course, Usain Bolt, are set to be going for gold at the Bird's Nest Stadium. The Diamond League series offers them the perfect preparation platform to ensure they're in the best shape to do so.

From a British perspective, the London leg looks particularly exciting, with Mo Farah, Jessica Ennis-Hill and Greg Rutherford poised to return to the Olympic Stadium in a bid to recreate that legendary 'Super Saturday' when Team GB won three golds all in

contender in this event is likely to be the rapidly improving Katerina Johnson-Thompson, who injury permitting will also compete in London. After his own grapples with fitness, Greg Rutherford has found form in recent months and will be hoping to try and emulate his Olympic achievements this season. High-flying American Jeff Henderson is the man with the party-pooping potential.

London and Stockholm are the last two Diamond League events before the World Championships and should provide an excellent guide to the ones to watch in Beijing. Our 'Super Saturday' heroes will hopefully be amongst them.











wo years ago, Destiny made her debut in *Club*, showed us her ride and told us about her love for cars and sex. Preferably combining the two...

"Nothing has changed," Destiny tells us, "I'm just between cars at the moment, waiting for a new one to be delivered. It means I'm spending more time at home, and that means more time to play with myself. I never stop!"

We're sure if we were as sexy as you we'd never leave ourselves alone.

"I"m just so easily bored. If I get a little restless my fingers wander towards my panties and next thing you know I'm rubbing my clit. Then the day has gone and all I've done is masturbate!"













OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Today's gold, tomorrow's car boot offerings...

RATINGS:

★ VICE MAG ★★ VICE CITY ★★★ OF VICE AND MEN (AHEM!) ★★★★ VEEP ★★★★ INHERENT VICE









Inherent Vice

(Warner Home, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £14)

Paul Thomas Anderson remains one of the most interesting directors working today. With established classics under his belt – even if *The Master* left us somewhat cold – he bites off what most directors wouldn't even dream of chewing, a Thomas Pynchon adaptation. And so it's hardly



surprising that many moviegoers who saw this were utterly baffled. But then, most of them hadn't read Pynchon – what do you expect?

The plot isn't really the point, but let's have a go: Doc Sportello is a private dick drawn into intrigue when his ex-missus Shasta arrives to tell him her billionaire boyfriend's wife is trying to get him committed so she can get her hands on his money. Although that doesn't scratch the surface of a plot that is wilfully opaque and takes in a bizarre whorehouse, neo-Nazis and a mad dentist.

Instead, the joy of Inherent Vice is in the mood and performances. It's a stoner's dream, with Joaquin Phoenix perfect in the lead and excellent turns from Josh Brolin as aggressive cop Bigfoot Bjornsen and Katherine Waterston as the sizzling Shasta. Pretty much everyone is good value, and if you're lost in a plot full of red herrings and macguffins, you can still enjoy Martin Short, Eric Roberts, Owen Wilson, Jena Malone, Benicio del Toro and even Belladonna throwing it out there. Trust us, doubters, this is a classic, albeit one that's as clear as mud even on the third watch.

Society

(Arrow Video, Blu-ray & DVD £17.99)

Issued in a cover that is somewhat of a spoiler, Brian Yuzna's 80's satire is a fine companion to *They Live*, if somewhat less fun. In fact, the first half is a bit of a grind, as Yuzna essays the isolation of teenager Bill Whitney (Billy Warlock) at great length. Of course, when we get the film's big reveal, it's well worth it, and Yuzna conjures to

reveal, it's well worth it, and Yuzna conjures up a moment of body horror that out-Cronenberg's Cronenberg.

Arrow have done another fantastic job with this reissue, complete with 2K digital transfer, audio commentary, interviews and features including one with the FX artists responsible for the nightmare visions. Oh, plus there's a booklet and it's region free. What's holding you back? Oh yes, that cover...



With season two of *True Detective* now underway – albeit with a completely new cast and story – it's time to revisit the first fine season. A second watch doesn't remove our disappointment at the denouement, but getting there is still a lot of fun. Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson both dazzle as cops Rust and



Martin, while the interview structure not only lets the case develop slowly, but showcases their acting chops. From the incredible tracking shot to the even more incredible body of Alexandra Daddario, it's landmark TV. There are a couple of audio commentaries and a making of well worth the watch, while the Steelbook does look rather spiffing on the shelf.

Goodfellas

(Warner Home Video, Blu-ray £9.99)

It's about time this got the special edition treatment – albeit with a somewhat weird cover. Scorsese himself oversaw the new Blu-ray transfer, and it is a slight improvement, although the main attraction remains the film itself, the 2nd disc of new interviews and a fine 38 page booklet of photos.



Selma

(20th Century Fox, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £14.99)

Selma seems to have made headlines for the wrong reasons – award snubs – than for the right ones. It's worth seeing for David Oyelowo's performance alone, fleshing out Martin Luther King. He should have had an Oscar, even if the film itself is perhaps a little rote.



Whiplash

(Sony Pictures, DVD £10, Blu-ray £12.50)

Damien Chazelle's semi-autobiographical film really is a tour de force. Young jazz drummer Andrew (Miles Teller) enrols at an elite conservatory and comes under the tutelage of driven, frightening Terence (JK Simmons, never better). It's intense, the method drumming entrancing, the film rewarding despite eschewing a traditional Hollywood structure.



They Live (Studiocanal, Blu-ray £15.70) Former wrestler Rowdy Roddy Piper may not have gone on to have a stellar Hollywood career, but this 80's John Carpenter classic is still a nice thing to have on the CV. It's a corporate satire, with aliens having taken over the middle classes, and only Piper with his special sunglasses can save the day. Piper's relentless fight with Keith David is still a highpoint, hilariously

overextended. It doesn't get any more 80's than this, but with a fine

to have this in your collection.

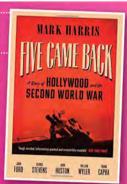
transfer, fun extras and a great cover, there are no reasons for you not



Five Came Back

Mark Harris (Canongate Books £14.99)

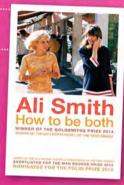
Fair play to the Americans. They may have come rather late to World War Two, but they were wholehearted once they got involved. Harris' well-constructed book chronicles the differing efforts of five film directors – those who fought, those who made propaganda, those who would never be the same again. A fascinating insight not just into the 5 men legends all – but Hollywood politics too.



How to be both

Ali Smith (Hamish Hamilton £16,99)

Smith's experimental novels are manna from heaven from critics, and richly awarded as a result. This tells two stories, and which story comes first is entirely random (it's all about how it's printed). There's the 15th century Italian girl Francescho, and there's the contemporay teenager George. It's about memory, identity, gender and while it's undoubtedly tricksy, it works.



Snowpiercer Volume 1

Jacques Lob (Titan Comics £9.99)

Those who saw the recent film adaptation will find the original graphic novel of *Snowpiercer* a rather different proposition. It's more slow-boiling, more political, less about spectacle. But as the post-apocalyptic train containing all of humanity ploughs relentlessly on, it's still a fine metaphor and fun to boot. Some of the French to English translation is dodgy, but it's still a great idea realised superbly.



Fatale Volume 2

Brubaker, Phillips (Image Comics £10.99)

Ed Brubaker's Fatale brilliantly weaves film noir with psychedelia and horror, crafting a fresh take on detective stories in the process. Volume two digs deeper into the Nicolas Lash story, and the mystery of who or what Josephine is only becomes more intriguing. Sean Phillips' artwork only gets better, making this a series we'll be checking as regularly as Saga.



SHINY STUFF





Damson Headbones

www.damsonaudio.com

Headphones seem to be an area of innovation and investment, which is surprising considering they really only do one thing - transmit audio into your ears. How they do that is important, of course, with noise cancelling and quality of sound both essential. And for some numpties

> they have to look good too, even if the sound is average - we're talking to you, Beats owners. These do actually do something different sound is transmitted through bone conduction, leaving ears free to do

something else. They feel strange and sound a bit crap, but we're sure someone will find a use for them...

Pros: Good for runners.

Cons: Poor sound, hurt your face.

£400n SUHIDT

Microsoft Surface 3

www.microsoft.com/surface-3

We've long been a fan of the Microsoft Surface Pro 3. It combines the best of a tablet and a laptop, without the weaknesses of the former and the bulk and weight of the latter. The Surface 3 is an attempt to introduce a budget version of that but it doesn't really work. For starters, it's not that much cheaper, but the sacrifices you make are significant. The processor isn't great, so it runs noticeably slower, and while the touchscreen is really good and responsive, there aren't really enough apps for you to use with it. For over £400, there are better options out there.

Pros: Keyboard is useful, touchscreen great.

Cons: A little slow to run,

Windows 8.1.

£419.99

Samsung UE65JS9000

www.samsung.com

Prices are already starting to drop on 4K televisions. So, we assume, that by the time that there's actually some 4K content to watch, they'll be 2 for £10, right? This one is a full £2000 cheaper than Samsung's US65JS9500, but it still a lot of television for a lot of money.

At 65" it'll dominate a room, but once you've witnessed 4K pictures on it, especially when that content is 3D, you'll be stunned. We've gamed on it too, which is great, and once porn studios do some 4K scud, we'll never go out again.

On the other hand, at this pricepoint you might want a somewhat better sound from it. You're going to have to invest in a soundbar as well.

Pros: Looks stunning.

Cons: Curved, not a lot of 4K content. &





















hen we first introduced you to the delightful Mia Malkova, she was an up-and-coming glamour model. Within weeks she was a budding porn performer, and now she's a top-tier porn star who can make or break a film. You can even buy a molding of her pussy, if you're that way inclined. And we're not. Because as much as we'd like to try out the contours of Mia's pussy (we're pretty sure we won't get to do it in real life, sadly...) for us, she's a bum girl. And if someone somewhere is making a plastic replica of her world-beating bum, in all its magnificence, then we'll be first in line. We don't usually buy random plastic body parts, honestly, but for Mia we'd make an exception. And then we'd probably never, ever leave our office again... &

















CRUFF JUSTICE!

Adjust the tracking, let's get cracking...

RATINGS: * BAD GRANDPA ** BADMINTON *** BAD ADVICE **** BAD BOYS **** BAD GIRLS













posed towards this grumble flick from the start because it used the word 'frenemies' on the cover. *Shudder*. However, we felt better about it once we started to see the slightly MILFy big-boob cast go to work. It's all about gossip and

infidelity, but all you need to see is Sarah Vandella getting stretched out by Erik Everhard's sizeable schlong and Brandi Love draining the ball bullets from Tommy Gunn's gun. It's Wicked so there are condoms, but this is still a decent watch. ***



Prey For The Dying

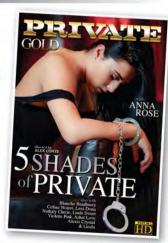
(Digital Playground)

'Fear is the ultimate aphrodisiac' claims the cover, although we'd argue that 'looking at vaginas' beats it. Especially in a movie that may have Nikki Benz as the cover star, but comes alive when the likes of Mia Malkova (and her magical mystery bum) and Stevie Shae take the screen. With Chloe Amour, Jayden Jaymes and Karlie Montana also popping up in this combo of gash and gore, it has an A-list feel. ***



5 Shades of Private

Hmm, we can't for the life of us work out what film/book Private are trying to cash in on here? However, whereas that other film/ book, if there is one, is dreadful, all tease and no please, this actually delivers. It's fetish-lite, a few blindfolds and masks, but soon gets down to the old beast with two backs. Anna Rose is a joy to watch, and Alexis Crystal is a current crush we're happy to see again. Kinky? Not really. Wankable? Definitely. ★★★





























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Charlotte Hope

GL®BE THEATRE

All the world's a stage, and sometimes famous ladies get their norks out on it...

f you were to flay our skin and then chop our cock off, we could only hope you'd do it with Charlotte Hope on hand. After all, that's what happened to Theon Greyjoy in *Game of Thrones*, the poor boy being tortured by Charlotte and a friend before it got really dark. Charlotte has also cropped up in the latest series, her conniving character Myranda once again getting nude. It's a far cry from *Casualty* where, to our knowledge, she wasn't involved in any flaying at all...







TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!



LIPPY LADIES!

I've been buying *Club* for the last few years, and love the combination of girls you seem to find each month. But one area you've never really covered is my own, personal fetish: girls with really meaty pussies. I don't know if this is a deliberate policy, but it really does do it for me and I imagine some of your other readers. I'd spent years trying to find a girl with the prerequisite love lips, but up until recently I had to put up with normal, average labia. Until I got into the 21st Century and found myself online, webbed up and surfing what I now realise is the Pornography Superhighway, that is.

I spent a lot of time on swingers' sites and various groups and forums, searching in vain for my perfect girl until I stumbled across a very select dating group aimed at men just like me. It was relatively secret because – and I must admit I'd never even considered this – the female members were acutely embarrassed by their labia. When I first heard that, I couldn't quite believe it; I'd spent years drooling over enlarged labia and I'd never imagined that women so blessed would hate them! After all, if I had an enormous cock or a



massive set of nuts, I'd be very bloody proud!

My ship really came in with Kathy. I met her via the website and we spent weeks emailing one another, despite the fact that we both stayed in the same town. Kathy was very, very self-conscious, and couldn't quite come to terms with the idea that here was a man who adored large labia, one who would actually worship her for them.

Ultimately, of course, I won her round, and we had a very successful first date in a swanky restaurant up town. We had already exchanged pictures, so there was no real surprise there. Kathy was as advertised: 27 years old, about five and a half feet tall, long blonde hair, smallish, pert boobs and a slender body. But of course, what I really wanted to see was hidden under her tight skirt. Unfortunately, that night I went home alone, but with the promise of a meal at her flat that weekend.

I arrived at the appointed time and brandished a decent bottle of wine, which Kathy gratefully accepted. Over dinner I was surprised at how much she drank, to the point where my bottle was empty well before our main course was finished. Kathy came to the rescue with a bottle of

chardonnay, and we both devoured that in short order. I suppose we were both nervous; I was eager to explore her body, and from her emails, I knew all too well that Kathy hadn't been with a man in five years. No wonder she needed Dutch courage!

After dessert, Kathy suggested we curl up on the sofa with a brandy, and talk some more. She put a soft, chill out CD on to play, and snuggled next to me, holding her brandy glass in both hands and looking at me over the rim. The subtle lighting in her lounge reflected off the glass, and gave her eyes a mischievous twinkle. When she came right out and asked me to tell her about my fascination with large labia, I knew I wasn't going home that night! I explained to her why I found them so alluring; the texture of them, the taste and the simple sight were enough to give me an erection. Just talking about them was bad enough, I told her.

"So I see," Kathy giggled, gently nudging my slightly bulging crotch with a bare foot.



Mathy giggled, gently nudging my bulging crotch with a bare foot. She went on to tell me about her pussy lips..."

She went on to tell me about her pussy lips, not in graphic detail exactly, but enough to let me know that school and college had been traumatic, thanks to showers after PE. How Kathy had avoided any public showers since, waiting to get home for a shower rather than let other girls see what she felt was abnormal in the extreme. And while she talked, my cock grew. When she described her pussy lips as 'abnormal', I thought I was going to cum there and then. And then she really threw me.

"Would you like to see them?" Kathy tentatively asked me.

"Yes. Yes I would," I said hoarsely.

Kathy stood and reached behind her to unzip her skirt. She let it fall to the ground at her feet and then stepped from the puddle of material, lifting her blouse to show me the lace panties she wore before pulling the blouse off over her head without unbuttoning it. She was obviously more eager than I had thought. Kathy's bra matched her lace panties, and she unhooked it, revealing a

very nicely shaped pair of breasts crowned by dark brown nipples. Kathy looked at me shyly as I sat on the couch, rapt, then hooked her thumbs into the sides of her panties and gracefully swept them down her smooth thighs and all the way down her calves, stepping out of them and casually flicking them backwards with a foot.

"There," she said, waving her arms at her sides. "All of me."

"My God Kathy, you're gorgeous," I whispered, bringing a smile to her face. Kathy

Kathy's pussy was very wet but, man, was it tight! I could barely get my tongue inside as she began to cum"

stepped towards me, until her crotch was at the same level as my face. The wine we'd drunk had certainly lowered her inhibitions, but I put that out of my mind as I took in the beautiful sight before me. Despite the thick, lustrous, blonde pubic hair framing it, I could clearly see Kathy had a quite superb pussy. Her labia were simply enormous, and my cock raged in my pants at the sight of them. They hung between her legs, tangled together in a fleshy mass, and at a guess I'd reckon they were at least four inches long.

"Wonderful," I breathed.

"Do you mean that?" Kathy asked. "You're not turned off?"

I told her she had to be kidding, and stood up before her, taking her in my arms. We kissed deeply, our tongues darting into each other's mouth, and Kathy pressed her naked body against me, pushing her thigh into my groin and feeling my hard cock twitch against her. As I reached up to cup her breasts, Kathy began to undress me. She unbuckled my

trousers and pushed them down then reached inside my boxers and grasped the shaft of my cock. I groaned and Kathy began to aently slide her hand up and down my erection, pulling my foreskin down over my cockhead. I







couldn't take too much of that, so I gently pulled away and stripped properly. We stood like that for a moment, stark naked, and then Kathy sat back down on the couch, opened her legs wide and grinned at me. I didn't need a written invitation. I got down on my knees between her firm thighs and started licking my way towards heaven.

Kathy's pubes weren't as thick around her pussy as I had thought, and sitting like that gave me the view of a lifetime. Her enlarged labia looked like a mass of bubblegum; pink, moist and desperate to be put in someone's mouth. Just licking and nibbling Kathy's thighs had her squirming and mewling on the couch, but as my nose tickled her pubes I felt her tense slightly. I continued, and flicked my tongue across her labia, parting them. I sucked first one and then the other into my mouth, revelling in the tangy flavour of Kathy's cunt. Her pussy lips almost filled my mouth entirely, and as I sucked them I gently pressed my nose against Kathy's clitoris.

I felt her hands in my hair and knew that my attentions were hitting the spot when I felt a trickle of moisture enter my mouth from Kathy's pussy. Parting her labia properly, I pushed my tongue into her, forcing it inside the thick, muscled walls of her cunt. Kathy's pussy was very wet, but man, was it tight! I could barely get my tongue inside, and as I probed her silken depths, I felt Kathy's hips buck as she began to orgasm.

Taking my cue, I took the bud of her clit between my teeth and began to gently nibble and suck it. That did it: Kathy suddenly tensed and groaned deeply, and I felt her liquid coat my chin. Carefully releasing her clit, I pushed my whole face into her delectable cunt, feeling her stunning pussy

FALKIN' BLUE







I forced my prick up her incredibly tight cunt, feeling the walls expand around my meat"

lips part against my cheeks. The sensation of her damp petals spreading against my face is one that I just can't adequately describe, but I wouldn't trade it for a million!

I lapped at Kathy's wet pussy for as long as my tongue could stand it. There was no way I could slide it inside her again, thanks to the tightness of her cunt. When I felt Kathy begin to orgasm again, I switched my attention to those mammoth cunt lips once more, sucking and chewing them as Kathy came hard. When I came up for air, Kathy was beaming, and she reached forward and grabbed me firmly by the cock, pulling me upright and level with her mouth. I stood there as Kathy looked up at me, gently wanking me near her face.

"Thank you," she said, grinning.

"That was just for starters," I said.

"Your face looks like a glazed doughnut," she laughed, and enveloped my cock with her mouth, sucking my length all the way inside and reaching up to cup my balls. Kathy's tongue swirled around my helmet, flicking across it inside her mouth and making me shudder. She pulled her head back and looked me straight in the eye, and then did something that I really hadn't expected – she sank her mouth all the way down my length, gradually taking my entire cock deep into her mouth. I'd never been deep-throated before, and my knees would have buckled if I hadn't grabbed the arm of the couch.

Kathy started fucking my cock with her mouth, pulling back until just the tip of my glans was inside her, and then sinking back down again until her nose nestled in my pubes. When she combined this with squeezing my balls, I had to stop her. I was in serious danger of losing it right there.

We broke apart and, rather than lead me to her bedroom, Kathy got off the couch and onto her knees, with her tits just brushing the fabric and her arms resting on it. She poked her peachy arse up into the air and wiggled it at me, looking over her shoulder with a cheeky grin on her face. I moved into position behind her and rubbed my cockhead up and down her slit, revelling the way her labia engulfed my glans. The squelchy noises it made just increased my hard-on until I thought I was going to burst. I pulled back slightly and then rammed my whole length into her, forcing my prick up her incredibly tight cunt, feeling the walls expand around my meat until I felt Kathy's damp cunt lips wrap around my balls. The sensation was exquisite.

Slowly, I pulled out of her again until only my glans was inside her, and then forced my way back in. I had to do this three or four times until Kathy's cunt eased slightly and I could actually build up a proper rhythm. All this time, Kathy had her face buried in the couch, her fists gripping the cushions, as I started to piston into her, feeling her cunt lips slap against my balls. Kathy's cunt got tighter and tighter around my cock, and I felt her cum again, her body shaking and her back arching. Her pussy spasmed around my prick and I couldn't hold back any longer. I felt my balls tense and I buried myself inside her, feeling Kathy's stunning cunt lips envelope my nuts as I shot an almighty load deep inside her.

When my own orgasm had subsided, I pulled out and watched in awe as my spent jism dribbled out and down those mammoth love lips. Once we'd got our breath back, we showered one another and retired to Kathy's room for round two.

That was six months ago, and we've been together ever since. Nowadays, Kathy sports a neatly shaven pussy with absolutely no hair underneath to obscure those amazing lips, and she's come to accept her labia as another erogenous zone rather than something to be ashamed of. I worship her labia nightly, and hope that soon, she'll allow me to take some photos so that we can create a website to share our fun with others. *Kenny, London.*

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES!

Though I'm a normal heterosexual girl, I love looking at the models in your magazine. They seem so proud of their bodies, and it's such a turn-on the way they obviously enjoy showing themselves off. I often frig myself off to their pictures when my boyfriend's not around.

Sometimes I imagine myself as one of the girls, posing for your magazine. That's what I was thinking about the other night when I was stretched out naked on the bed with three fingers in my pussy and a copy of *Club* open beside me. That was when my boyfriend walked in on me. Just my luck – the one time I've known him leave the pub before closing time, and I'm in the throes of a wank frenzy!

Since we're best mates as well as lovers, I















































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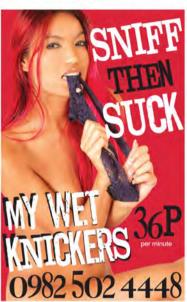
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TALES FROM THE REAR!

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CREAMED CRACK!

I've got to be honest about this - I simply can't wait to get off with you. I'm quite literally counting the days until you arrive. The very thought of it makes my pussy so wet, if your face was between my legs you'd think that you were taking a shower. But it wouldn't be water cascading over your face. No, it'd be my sweet-smelling pussy juice. Oh yes, my cunt is aching for a long, hard fucking from you. I've even thought about how we're going to do it. I have loads of different fantasies want to hear my favourite? Thought so!

I do a teasy little dance for you, shimmying and flicking my long blonde hair about. Watch me put my fingers inside my knickers and play with my cunt, letting out a groan as I stick three fingers right up into my moist flaps. Sliding them out, I place them in your mouth for you to lick. That tastes good, doesn't it? Yeah, I knew you'd like that.

I stand back and slowly take off my bra, cup my tits in both hands and caress them, and pinch my nipples hard to make them stand to attention. The bulge in your pants tells me that turns you on big-time. I reach out and begin to gently rub your shaft through your trousers, making it harden and lengthen even more. Undoing your pants, I take your dick in both hands and squeeze it hard, then slowly begin to toss you off.

Taking your pants right off, I fall to my knees, grab your cock and smother it with my mouth. I move my head up and down your cock, sucking hard. Those slurping noises are pretty loud, aren't they? Mmmn, bet I could make you spunk your load right away, but I don't want to bring you off just yet. Ah, that look of frustration on your face excites me, makes my clit tingle. Suppose I must be a bit of a bitch, really, but I'm sure you wouldn't

have it any other way, would you, honey?

I take off my knickers, and thrust my cunt towards your face. See how I've cropped my bush really closely especially for you. Wouldn't you just love to bury your head there? Standing with my back towards you, partly spreading my legs, I bend over so my arse is right in front of you. Now watch as I gently ease one of my fingers into my arsehole. I start to slide it in and out

- mmmn, that makes me feel really horny. What a dirty slag I am, eh? So sweet-looking on the surface, and such a filthy scrubber underneath.

I turn and straddle one of your legs. I start to grind my pussy lips along your thigh, I leave a trail of my juice as I move along it. My clit rubs hard against your flesh, but still not quite hard enough for me. So, to get

in a bit more, so let's ring the changes, shall we? Why don't I swap places with you on the sofa?

You kneel in front of me. I get the idea - I spread my legs wide so you can get your mouth onto my hot and sticky snatch. You eagerly lick my pussy lips, your tongue waggling, searching for my clit. Shock waves rush through my body as you find your target.

Automatically, I push forward as though trying to engulf your head with my cunt. You increase the tempo, and I'm about to cum with that tongue of yours whipping furiously at my clit. Oh, ahhhh . . . my orgasm feels like a thousand fireworks going off! Makes me want to do all it all again soon - hope your jaw's not too tired!

I pull you up, and thank you by kissing you hard, sticking my tongue in your mouth, my lips pressing hard against yours. Slowly working down, I get to your nipples. Small and erect, they're just perfect. My tongue circles one of them and I nibble on its succulent flesh. Oh, those soft moans you're

It's tight. So tight I can only work up and down your shaft quite slowly, in long strokes..."

more leverage, I grip your shoulders. Yeah, that's better. Now I'm sliding faster and faster across your thigh, but I'd better I pull away to stop myself from cumming. You see, I like to take my time - and besides, there's plenty more dirty stuff to come!

Okay, I'll sit astride you, like this, my cunt hovering over your stiff cock. I'll just wiggle myself into position. There we go... I'm slowly lowering myself onto your knob, teasing your helmet with my wet fanny folds, raising up every time you try to enter me. You let out a cry of frustration. God, how I love taunting you!

Oh baby, you've been very good, so I decide to give you a little reward. Leaning forward, I thrust my tits into your face. You grab hold of a nipple with your teeth, then start to suck hard on it. Here, I'll push it harder into your face. Like that, honey? Of course you do! But you don't want to leave my other tit alone, so you grope it and pinch the nipple. Mmmn, so you can be a bit naughty after all! Suppose we have a lot in common, you and me. In fact I can tell you're itching to get stuck i on the cards. Ooohhh - spoke too soon!

giving out tell me you like that. The sound spurs me on, and my tongue slides down your chest leaving in its wake a stream of saliva.

I work down to your balls, and suck hard so I can fit the whole sac in my mouth. With both balls in my mouth, my tongue prods and sloshes around them. Now I'm going to give you something special. Standing up and turning round, I lower my arse onto your throbbing cock. Getting fucked up the arse is so dirty - I love it and I know you love to do it too.

Placing your hands on my hips, I coax you slowly into my tight arsehole. Mmmn, it's tight, so tight I can only work up and down your shaft quite slowly, in long strokes for starters. As I look down I can see your balls swing as your cock rams up me. Your hands grip tighter on my hips as you begin to increase the pace.

I start to frig myself, trying to keep in rhythm with your fuck strokes. My clit's so slippery as I rub my fingers across it, and with you banging me up the bunghole, a climax is well





conference in Birmingham and it turned out to be one of those cringy affairs where the only thing you have in common with the other candidates is a strong desire to be somewhere else. The brief introductions confirmed that we were people from all walks of life, from all over the country - in short, people that you're never going to see again. However, one of those people happened to be a cute brunette who looked bored. She was so cute that I decided

she was worth further investigation.

"Have you got any plans for after they've finished with us?" I asked Helen.

"Not really."

"Do you fancy going out for a bite to eat?" I saw surprise register on Helen's face.

"Are you asking me out?" I nodded. "On a date?"

"Yes."

"I've got a boyfriend." There was something about the way Helen said it that made it sound like it might be a temporary arrangement.

"He can come too," I said. "But he'll have to pay for himself." I explained about the meal vouchers I'd been given and the fact that there was one going spare since my colleague had pulled out at the last minute.

"I'll think about it," Helen said. Instead of paying attention to the afternoon seminar, I found myself thinking about Helen and what I might get up to with her if she agreed to come out with me. "Come on then, Mister Cheapskate, where are you going to take me?" she asked.

"Well, that depends on what you fancy," I said, cheekily. Helen raised her eyebrows suggestively. I laughed. "I meant to eat," I lied, noting the transformation from the defensive girl with the boyfriend to the girl who flirted unnecessarily at the first opportunity.

We found a little Italian place and I was happy to listen to Helen natter about her work life, family and friends. One thing which she didn't mention as she sipped her Pinot Grigio was the boyfriend, which gave me hope of some sexy shenanigans later in the evening. It was raining by the time we came to leave. "We should call a taxi," I said.

"Don't be such a wimp."

"We'll get soaked."

"I don't mind getting wet." There was something suggestive in the way Helen said that. Perhaps getting our clothes wet was merely the excuse she needed to take hers off. That thought was the only thing keeping me warm as we hurried back to the hotel in the freezing rain.

"I've got a bottle of Jack Daniels in my room, if you'd like a little something to warm you up before bed." Helen's hair dripped as she nodded her assent.

"Why don't I take your wet things?" I asked, at the point where I would have taken her coat if she'd been wearing one.

"I'm soaked through to my knickers," she said. The expression on Helen's face encouraged me to follow up with the obvious line.

"Well, I suppose you'd better take those off as well." Helen smirked.

"I thought you'd never ask." My cock started to swell as Helen slipped out of her skirt and blouse. The underwear she had chosen looked new and expensive, which meant she had been prepared for it to

You slow down. I hope you're not trying to pace yourself, but I shouldn't have worried as I feel your hot spunk spurt into me. I wiggle about to shake every last drop of it out of your cock. Oh, you're still so hard. Well, that's good – I could do with another orgasm, as getting banged up my back passage always leaves me begging for more.

I grab your cock, placing it over my mound and start to frantically grind it around and around my clit. Mmmn, that hits the spot! It's making me feel so horny, I need to cum right now, I really fucking need to! That familiar tingling sensation in my clit is building, building... I... I'm going to... oh God, ohhhh, Jesus, that was sooo fucking dirty! Blimey, I got so horny telling you that little lot, I wish I could get you and your hard cock around here right now, lover! Charlotte, Ealing

ANAL EXPENSES!

It's not often that you get to have anal sex on expenses, so it's best to take advantage while you can. I'd been asked to attend a

be seen.

"You really are wet," I said. "Perhaps I'd better check for water damage?" I slid my hand down Helen's stomach and her legs opened to let me touch her labia. She let out a little gasp and her eyes rolled up as I ran my fingertips lightly along the centreline of her pussy. "I'm thinking that it might be really wet inside?" Helen licked her lips as I pushed my fingers into the soft heat between her legs. She sighed happily as I eased two fingers up into her vagina. As I curled my fingers to massage the sensitive flesh, Helen's head rocked back and her mouth came open in a wanton display of sexual pleasure.

"Mmmm," she sighed. "That's really nice."
Helen worked her hand into my soggy
trousers and wrapped her cold hands around
my hot, hard flesh as I masturbated her.
Following the rhythm of her breathing, I
increased the speed of my fingers, enjoying
the fantasy of that soft flesh encircling my



A girl who invites a guy to fuck her arse on a first date is about as filthy as they come..."

cock. "Oooh God, you're going to make me cum," Helen murmured. I kept pushing my fingers in and out, trying to maximise Helen's pleasure with my thumb on her clitoris. Heat seemed to radiate from between her legs as her body shook, leaving Helen looking hot and flustered.

"This is just a one-night thing, right?" she asked.

I shrugged. "It doesn't have to be," I said, trying to avoid reminding Helen of her boyfriend. She was the one with the complications.

"It's a one-night thing," Helen confirmed.
"But that doesn't mean we can't make the most of it." She casually unclipped her bra and I finished undressing as she went rooting around in her handbag. I made no attempt to hide the fact that I was examining her legs, tits and arse. "Are you an 'arse' man?" Helen asked, catching where I was staring. My cock twitched in reply to the question. "I'll take that as a 'yes', which works out well for me." Helen showed me what she'd got out of her handbag.

"Anal lubricant? Do you always carry that around with you?"

"No," Helen said, looking down at my erection. "But I had special plans for tonight and your cock is more fun than my vibrator." I gasped as she squirted a coil of clear gel onto the tip of my cock and smeared it down the shaft. "It's been a while since I had anything other than a toy in here," Helen warned, grunting as she reached lubricated fingers behind her back. "Mmmm. I'm really tight

back there, so you'll have to be gentle. But you'll be gentle, won't you?" she asked, giving me puppy-dog eyes. I was in shock at the fact this girl was fingering her own arsehole while wanking my lubricated cock.

"I'll do anything you want," I promised.

"Well, what I want is this big cock inside my tight little tush." Helen wiggled her bum and there was something shockingly debauched as she rubbed her lube-shiny anus before sliding a couple of fingers inside. I'm a sucker for a genuinely filthy girl and a girl who invites a guy to fuck her arse on a first date while her boyfriend waits at home is about as filthy as they come. Excited heat made my cock feel as though it might erupt as Helen took position on the bed with her bottom held high and her knees spread. Helen whimpered as her lubricated ass stretched around the head of my cock and it looked amazing as it disappeared into her bottom.

"Oooh fuck," I groaned, as a ring of tightness encircled my cock. Every movement was deliciously rewarding for both of us, with Helen grunting and groaning as I gently rocked my hips back and forth.

"It feels so big," she hissed.

"It feels amazing," I added.

"I want to cum with your cock in my arse," Helen murmured. Reaching underneath her body with both hands, Helen rubbed her pussy with one and stroked my scrotum with the other. Despite the muffling effect of the duvet, I kept expecting the phone to ring with instructions for us to keep the noise down as I fucked Helen's bum with long, deep strokes.

"Can I go on top?" Helen asked breathlessly. We swapped positions so that I was lying on the bed with Helen dropping her arse back down onto my cock. She went much harder and much faster than I would have dared and frantically rubbed between her legs at the same time.

"I'm going to cum!" I warned, unable to hold back any longer.

"Oooh fuck, yes!" she cried, gripping my body with her thighs as my cock erupted. "Shoot that spunk into my slutty bum," she moaned, her fingers a blur of motion. Her back arched away from me and I felt an even stronger version of the muscular pulses around my spasming cock. The intensity of Helen's orgasm sucked, pulled and squeezed my cock, urging it to stay hard as she masturbated to another orgasm. "Was that worth getting wet for?" she asked, finally slumping onto the bed.

"Definitely."

"Do you mind if we get some room service? I'll need something to boost my energy levels if you want to go again."

"Be my guest," I said, passing the menu over to Helen, forgetting to remove the post-it note which stopped me from ordering booze.

"Let me guess, alcohol isn't covered by company expenses?" I gave Helen a guilty shrug. "Fortunately," Helen added, running her finger down the page. "Anal sex with me is covered."

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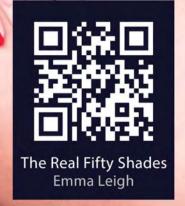
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t took some persuading to get Ashlynn to remove her heels. Not that we weren't enjoying the sight of this lithe 21-year-old parading in nothing but them. After all, a girl wearing heels and sod all else is a wonderful thing. So much so that she didn't want to part with them.

"I don't feel naked while I've got these on," she teases, "but without them I most definitely am. You boys could be wearing a suit of armour over your clothes and you'd still feel disarmed with me and my heels. They've just got a knack of turning on men."

They certainly have. Although you're not too shabby without them! "Very kind of you to say so. But I like to keep them on, unless you've got anys knee high riding boots to hand? Now they're something that work just as well as heels on men..."















What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WARE



Oh, how different his life could have been, but he has chosen the path of ridicule. Deputies in Florida's Broward County were astonished by CCTV footage of an armed robbery. The surveillance footage shows a man armed with a knife entering a lift with a 77-year-old woman inside. The armed robber casually relieves the woman of her purse before attempting to make a hasty exit only to walk smack into the closing lift doors. The suspect did eventually escape and is currently still at large. Handy tip for you next time: try and choose a stationary exit.

Crookie Monster!



Never trust a Girl Scout... or her father for that matter. 33-year-old Cody Wylie used his 9-year-old daughter in a cookie deception that rocked Westmoreland County to its core by collecting money for cookies he never ordered or delivered. Wylie was charged with theft and receiving stolen property after Wylie and his daughter took over a hundred orders. He was only tripped up after eight criminal complaints were filed. That's enough to put you off the biscuity morsels for life.

Cutting Edge!

Clearly this man's wife had been bending his ear about the length of her lawn. Gursham Gillett, 49, of Cozad, Nebraska has been charged with theft and criminal mischief after CCTV footage showed a man at the Wal-Mart Super-centre in Lexington cutting through a chain link fence and fueling up a lawn mower before driving off. Gillett was picked up driving the mower 10 miles from the store. Unfortunately the fact that it only had three gears and a max speed of 18 miles per hour hampered his quick getaway.



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